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ELLEN'S INTRODUCTION TO HER LONDON HOME.

A WIFE'S STORY.

CHAPTER IV.—CHANGES.

LET me do justice to my uncle's family, as well as to myself, by saying that I received a warm and cordial welcome. I had not seen my cousin Clara

since she was a girl; and of her manners and temper I had not a very pleasing remembrance. I found her a well-bred young woman; and in the kindly sympathy she evinced, I could discover none of that assumption of superiority which had

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in bygone days caused me so much uneasiness. My aunt met me with overflowing kindness: she was evidently deeply affected by the blow which had fallen on us both, but heaviest on me.

My uncle's place of business was in the city, but his family residence was in one of the once fashionable squares in the neighbourhood of Holborn. It was a large house; and some preparations had been made for my permanent abode there.

"You will be absolute mistress here, Ellen," said my aunt, when she had taken me into a small suite of apartments, comprising a comfortable bed-chamber, a dressing-room, and a sitting-room, opening into each other, and all rather richly furnished. "These will be your own dominions; and I hope we shall make it a happy home for you."

I whispered my thanks for the attention which had been directed to my comfort; but I shook my head despondingly when my aunt spoke of future happiness. My sorrow was of too recent a date to allow me to think of *that*.

In the course of a few days, however, a change of scene and occupation had to some extent dulled the sharp edge of my grief. I had enough to do, with Susan's help, in unpacking and arranging the personal property I had sent on from Fair Holt; and though this employment brought to my recollection very vividly my dear father and his uniform kindness, and the delights of the home I had lost, so that my eyes were perpetually full of tears, the very exercise of body and mind was salutary; and before the work had come to an end, I was surprised to find that I was not entirely and irremediably miserable.

The considerate kindness of my aunt and cousin had its influence also in calming my spirits. I should be under no harsh constraint, it seemed, in the house of my guardian. Deference was paid to my wishes, when I expressed any; and I was allowed to occupy myself as I pleased—to associate with my relatives when I chose, always having the retirement of my own apartments when I preferred solitude, and the services of my own maid always at my command.

I rarely saw my uncle until he returned from the city to our late dinner. He was generally taciturn, like one who had thoughts of his own which occupied his attention, and which he did not choose to reveal. He spoke pleasantly to me, however, when he did address me; and occasionally he unburdened, and became even talkative.

My aunt and cousin were fond of society; and I was introduced, in due form, to what they called a select circle of friends. I had no reason to complain of my reception, though I could not help suspecting that, had I been a portionless orphan instead of an heiress, I should have received less flattery and adulation.

"It is not worth while to enter into particulars, my dear," my aunt Seymour said privately to me one day, after an old lady had left the drawing-room, and to whom I had replied with unconscious simplicity on being questioned about my dear old home, and the extent of the Fair Holt estate. "You answered pretty well; but there is no occasion to let people know how much or how little we may be worth. It is better to let them form their own ideas from what they see."

I did not, at that time, fully comprehend what

my aunt meant; but my cousin afterwards enlightened me; and I then learned that exaggerated ideas of my prospective fortune were entertained by my aunt's friends, and were encouraged, if they had not been instilled, by my aunt herself, as a means of obtaining consideration for me, and probably of influencing my settlement in life. I was vexed at this, at first; but I fear I gradually became reconciled to the deception—at least I did not attempt to remove it.

My uncle Seymour was not an irreligious man, nor was a form of religion wanting in his family. Generally, the day was closed, though not began, with family devotion; and once, and occasionally twice, on the Sunday, my uncle, aunt, and cousin attended public worship. They were also connected with two or three religious societies. My uncle was on more than one committee of these societies, and my cousin was collector for another of them. And yet I failed to perceive that religion had any strong hold on any of their affections. There was a painful contrast, indeed, forced on my notice between the strong, deeply-rooted and heart-felt piety which I had witnessed in Mr. Temple and my father, and the apparently formal and external acquiescence yielded to it in — Square. In the one case, Christianity was loved, was made the foundation of every hope, and the spring of every action; in the other, it was patronised, and made subservient to the caprices and opinions of a fashionable world. The societies I have referred to were supported, I fear, because it was reputable and fashionable to have one's name seen in connection with them; and not solely, at any rate, because in them the glory of God and the eternal well-being of men were sought. The ministry my uncle and his family attended was admired and followed because the place of worship was a fashionable one, and the preacher was popular, rather than with the unfashionable hope and expectation of receiving spiritual benefit from the public services of the house of God.

And I could not find that the religion of my uncle's family, such as it was, had any constraining or counteracting influence on daily life. They were, I fear, essentially of the world—the busy world, the money-loving world, the gay world, the fashionable world—call it by what name you will, or view it under any of its shifting, changeable aspects—the world, the love of which is enmity against God.

Nor did this fashionable religion influence the tempers of my relatives. I soon discovered that, according as my uncle's schemes and transactions in business had been prosperous or otherwise, so was he placable or irritable; and that there were jealousies, heartburnings, manœuvres, and deceptions innumerable constantly at work in the hearts of my aunt and cousin. By each I was in turn made the confidante of schemes or grievances which greatly distressed me; for they proved that, under the mask of smiles and pleasure, all around were full of mistrust and bitter envying.

For a time these discoveries were the greatest drawback to my comfort, for I had no reason to complain of personal neglect or unkindness; but it is astonishing how soon one gets used to what at first appears insupportable. Especially is it sad to think how soon the influence of a mere formal

religion is felt by those with whom it comes in contact. In short—and without further enlargement on this part of my history—I soon began to think lightly of what had given me so much uneasiness; and I insensibly sunk into the habits of thought and feeling which I had condemned, and glided down the dull current of religious formality and fashionable pietism into which I had unhappily fallen.

"You have never been to a theatre, I suppose, Ellen?" said my uncle, one day at dinner. He had returned in unusually good spirits from the city.

"No, uncle," I said.

"Of course Ellen has not," said my aunt; "it is not four months since she left Fair Holt, where, you know, she has been shut up and secluded all her life."

The mention of Fair Holt drew tears into my eyes; but by a strong effort I conquered the weakness.

"Well, never mind; we will make up a party to-night, and Ellen will enjoy it the more because of its novelty," said my uncle.

I looked at my cousin, and saw that her countenance brightened up as my uncle said this. I was not surprised at this, for Clara had frequently spoken, with much delight, of their frequent visits to the theatre, and regretted the deprivation of this and other public amusements which my father's recent death had occasioned.

My cousin looked at me also, with some curiosity, I suppose; for I had expressed myself rather strongly against theatrical amusements.

"You will not get Ellen in the mind to go, papa," said Clara, rather maliciously, I thought; "she thinks it is very sinful to see a play performed."

"Indeed!" said my uncle. "But why should you think so, Ellen?"

I had not expressed myself so strongly as Clara made out; and timidly I said so. But I acknowledged to feeling some reluctance to visiting a theatre, and hoped that my uncle would excuse me from joining the party.

"But if it would be wrong for you to go, it would be wrong for us, you know, Ellen," said my aunt.

"I do not say that it would be wrong, aunt," I replied; "but I know that my dear father had strong objections to the stage; and I have heard Mr. Temple say that it is in many respects objectionable."

"But, my dear niece," said my uncle, "you do not pin your faith on Mr. Temple's sleeve, I hope. He is a good man, I am sure; but from what I have seen of him, I judge he has very narrow views of such matters. Besides, with him, you know, these objections are, in some measure, professional; and though he is not to be blamed exactly for drawing the line too straight, you are not bound to take all he has ever said for gospel."

"But my father thought as Mr. Temple does," I rejoined.

"I do not think that my dear brother ever saw a play performed in his life," said my aunt; "if he had, he would have formed a different opinion of theatres. You know, dear, he lived so retired

at Fair Holt that he knew positively nothing of the world."

"A great many good people, professors of religion, and very strictly pious people, and even some ministers, often go to the theatre, Ellen," interposed Clara. She had told me this before, but I had scarcely believed it. "Do they not, papa?" she added, appealing to her father.

"Certainly they do, Clara; and find it a very profitable, instructive recreation. Of course I speak of the legitimate drama—the plays of Shakespeare, and the better modern dramatists. No one of respectability would confound these with the low and vulgar performances of the stage."

"We never stop to see out the farces," subjoined my cousin Clara.

"What is the play for this evening?" asked my aunt; and my uncle gave the desired information.

"O! you must go and see it, Ellen," exclaimed my cousin, in ecstasy. "It is a magnificent piece, and the scenery is grand beyond description; and K—in the leading character is most wonderful: the music, too, is quite thrilling. You must not say another word about not going with us, Ellen."

I did say many words, however; but they were spoken faintly and irresolutely; and I formed one of the party.

My cousin had previously told me that if I went once I should only be too eager to go again. This was very true; but all the while I was conscious that not one objection which I had previously heard raised against the stage was proved by experience to be irrational or invalid; and I feel painfully now, that by this and kindred dissipations, to which I shall not more particularly refer, the religious instructions I had received in my childhood and youth, and the principles I had formerly respected and revered, lost their hold on my heart and mind; and that, before long, it might have been plainly seen of me and in me, that I was "a lover of pleasure more than a lover of God."

BY RAIL IN AUSTRIA.

PART I.

MANY curious scenes are sure to present themselves to an observant traveller on an English railway, especially if he eschews the easy dignity of a first-class carriage, and casts in his lot among the patrons of a parliamentary train. But in this paper we are not going to attempt a detail of all the little pleasures and vexations, the oddities and mishaps which characterize an excursion trip on one of the iron roads that radiate, like a gigantic spider's web, from the centre of our island to every part of its circumference. Instead of that, we are about to travel out of England, and to snatch a glimpse of "the way in which they manage these things abroad." The readers of this number of the "Leisure Hour" will therefore please to prepare themselves for a day's journey on one of the principal Austrian lines of railway; and, as a preliminary, it may be as well if they observe a truly ancient and honourable English custom, and lay in a good supply of eatables, for on the road they are not likely to meet with very much that will commend itself to their appetites.

And, above all things, let them replenish their stock of patience; for of all countries in the world Austria is the one where the heaviest taxes seem to be levied upon possessors of this rare and enviable commodity.

It is nearly six o'clock on a bitterly cold November morning, and we are walking briskly towards the railway station, through the spacious streets of a fine old town, once the capital of an independent kingdom, famous in mediæval history, but now only the chief city of an Austrian province. In front of us march a couple of sturdy damsels, bearing our luggage upon their heads, and conversing with each other most volubly in a barbarous Slavonic dialect. They belong to the guild of licensed porters—or, rather, portereuses—of this city, and ply their calling under the immediate superintendence of the police. If, however, it surprises us to see girls doing work so unfit for their sex and strength, they do not seem to care anything about it; and when we dismiss them, under the portico of the terminus, they bid us farewell with a cheerful smile, and glide away up the dark street, singing a wild and joyous Bohemian melody. So we reserve our pity, and forget the fertile questions of woman's rights, wrongs, place, and mission, in the prosaic business of taking our tickets.

This done, we essay to enter the waiting-room, but are stopped at the door by a grey-coated soldier, armed with musket and fixed bayonet, who bars the passage and demands our passports. In Austria, of all other countries, no one is allowed to travel, unless he is in possession of this official paper, setting forth his name, age, quality, business, and various other minute and frivolous particulars concerning him. It requires to be endorsed at each successive stage of the journey by the police authorities of the towns through which the traveller passes. Any stranger found without this all-important document is from that circumstance alone deemed a rogue, a vagabond, and a suspicious character, and is liable at any moment to arrest and summary ejection from the country. Our readers may form some idea of the excessively irksome and annoying nature of these regulations, if they will try to imagine what their feelings would be if, every time that they wished to take a short trip to the seaside or into the country, they were obliged to attend before a magistrate, to make a precise statement of their affairs and intentions, and then to receive a cautiously-worded licence for the proposed journey. Yet this is the tedious ceremony required of every native Austrian under similar circumstances; and no criminal in that country is punished more severely than the unhappy citizen who is detected in the heinous offence of travelling without a proper pass.

On the present occasion, however, we have no cause to feel alarmed at the rough challenge of our friend in the grey coat and with the fixed bayonet. In the first place, we are Englishmen, and Englishmen may carry their heads as high as they please in every country under the sun; and, secondly, we took the precaution yesterday of getting our British passports *viséd*—that is, signed—by the inspector of police at the head office in the town. Everything about us is perfectly regular

and satisfactory, and we are therefore admitted without difficulty into the waiting-room, which, although only intended for third-class passengers, is very lofty and comfortable, has a polished wooden floor, and is furnished with stuffed benches and with an enormous stove, whose heat penetrates to the most remote and dreary corners of the hall. After a few minutes' delay, the outer doors are opened, and we step forth upon the platform, where the train is drawn up, ready to start; and, before we go any further, the carriage in which we now proceed to seat ourselves seems to call for a few words of description and criticism.

As a general rule, the third-class carriages on the continental lines are quite equal to second-class on English railways—some of them are even superior. On one German line with which we made acquaintance before reaching this point of our journey, the majesty of the people was actually indulged in the luxuries of carpeted floors, cushioned seats, and padded backs—a piece of extravagance, the very idea of which would shock the directors of an English line. But our journey of to-day is not to be performed in any such aristocratic style as this. In Austria, the accommodation provided for third-class passengers approaches very nearly to the recognised British standard, its main features being, as with ourselves—hard, knotty, and awkward benches; springs apparently constructed with a view to some utopian churning scheme; windows that won't open, and doors that won't shut; ceilings that afford every facility for astronomical observations; and floors which, in their ingrained and unblushing dirt, brave all comment and defy all remonstrance. The carriages themselves are very long, and are made to contain eighty persons each. They have a door at each end, and outside the door is a little gallery, approached by a double flight of steps. Thus the passengers enter, and leave the carriages at the ends, and not at the sides, as with us. The interior is not divided into compartments, but a narrow passage runs through its entire length, from door to door; and on either side of this, the passengers are arranged in groups of four, face to face and back to back. To complete the picture, our readers have only to imagine that although there are plenty of draughts, the ventilation is otherwise very defective; and that the majority of the company are not over cleanly in person or habits, and smoke incredible quantities of strong tobacco.

It is in a vehicle of this description that we must now suppose ourselves seated, and slowly winding out of the station at Prague; for that is the name of the fine old Bohemian town to which our readers were in the first instance introduced. Our destination is Vienna, the capital of the Austrian empire; and as two hundred and fifty good English miles lie between us and it, we may reckon upon at least twelve hours' confinement in our present eligible and commodious quarters. We may as well, therefore, prepare to draw upon that large stock of patience which, as already intimated, we are supposed to have laid in by way of precaution.

Nor has it been so laid in without reason; for, ere we have fairly got under weigh, we discover with dismay that the important business of our

passports is not yet to be considered as satisfactorily adjusted. At each door of our carriage there simultaneously appears a moustachioed soldier, clad in the old familiar grey coat, who slowly advances towards his comrade, up the long and narrow passage, making on the way a minute scrutiny of the papers carried by each passenger. If this ceremony were not so annoying, we should probably feel inclined to laugh at its absurd strictness; but we are aware that it is too often found to be no joking matter. Even now, see there is something wrong with that poor woman, a toothless ancient dame, whom no sane person would ever suspect of treasonable designs against the Austrian government; and yet, because her passport is slightly informal, she is to be removed from the train at the next station, and handed over to the police, who will no doubt send her remorselessly back to the village from which she has come. How harsh and ridiculous this seems to us, and, in contrast with it, how brightly and how cheerfully shines the liberty which we, as a nation, happily enjoy!

The poor old woman's fate, however, need not alarm us. There is nothing to prevent our passing triumphantly through the passport ordeal; and, indeed, so regular and satisfactory are our papers, that by virtue of them we seem to have completely established ourselves in the good opinion of his Imperial Majesty's police-agents. We may therefore with easy minds look out from the windows upon the scenery through which we are being rapidly hurried. But with this we are rather disappointed; for the prospect gradually revealed to us by the growing dawn is by no means a bright or cheering one. These wide and level plains of Bohemia wear a thoroughly bleak and wintry aspect. The water in all the ponds and rivulets is frozen hard; every tree and cottage is laden with snow; and dark leaden clouds lower everywhere over a flat and icebound landscape. We shiver instinctively as we gaze upon the Siberian picture, and should turn away from it altogether, did we not love to notice certain inimitable touches of Nature, which stand out here and there over even this wintry waste. The poet Thomson has well described some of these in his "Seasons":—

"It freezes on,
Till morn, late rising o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the silent night:
The pendant icicle; the frost-work fair
Where transient lines and fancied figures rise;
Wide spouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold gleaming in the morn;
The forest, bent beneath the plummy wave;
And by the frost refined, the whiter snow
Incrusted hard, and sounding to the tread.

Yes, winter has its beautiful phenomena as well as its grand and terrible ones, and in all it bids us trace the hand of a kind and mighty God. "He giveth snow like wool. He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes. He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who can stand before His cold?" Ps. cxlvii. 16, 17.

But at this point we had perhaps better make a pause, and postpone until next week the remaining incidents of our railway ride in Austria.

THE SCHOOLMASTER AND HIS SON:

A MEMOIR OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

CHAPTER VI.—THE WARNING.

"List not the man whose very words betray,
His steps are far from wisdom's narrow way."

THE following day I summoned Valentine into my room, and, with a heavy heart, asked him:—

"Do you think, my son, that your mother and I love you?"

"Certainly, dear father," he replied.

"Well, then, my son, hearken to us, and attend to what we say. When you were sick of the small-pox, in your childhood, and we expected you every moment to breathe your last, your dear mother and I felt that we were called to part with what we loved and valued beyond all that this world could give; we trembled in heart, and our strength well-nigh failed; but the Lord did not leave us in utter darkness. We felt, even then, that we could say, 'The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; and blessed be the name of the Lord!' Had you died then, we should have felt certain that, though we should see you on earth no more, you were safe with God. Say, what comfort have we now?"

He turned pale, and, stammering, inquired what I meant—what I wished. I seized his hand, and said:—

"My son, you are again sick, sick unto death; and we, your parents, are again trembling and fearing we shall lose you. We have not now the same comfort, for we do not feel that it is our Heavenly Father that is taking you from us, but that it is the Enemy of mankind, who has been a murderer from the beginning, that is now trying to deprive us of our dear son. Did I not hear you last night promise your friendship and confidence to one who is walking in the broad road of destruction, a drunkard, a gambler, and curser—a man who despises the word of God—a man whose very countenance bears witness of his sinful life? Is it with such a man that my son is proud to walk arm-in-arm through the public street? Ask your own heart what comfort we can have in such circumstances?"

I said more than this, for I spoke from the fullness of a troubled heart, and I besought my son to give up the friendship of such a man, unless he wished to bring his parents to the grave by sorrow. He answered: "God forbid he should be such a son. He knew what was right to do, and he would do it. No man should mislead him; but, as to breaking off all intercourse with the huntsman, that he could not do, for he owed him gratitude for having saved his life yesterday. As to the man's religious opinions, they were certainly not the same as mine; but that was his affair, not ours. He could be his companion without making him his oracle of right and wrong. It was true he sometimes played a game, or he drank when he was thirsty, and, perhaps, his language was not very refined; but still some respect was due to such a fine, honest, brave fellow. He was a man who had been in the wars, and had seen a good deal of the world, and such men couldn't be expected to think exactly like those who live shut up with their books, and only dream of what is going on in the world. We could not expect him to

have the same delight in the Bible and Hymn-book that old Guy Geissendorf felt; and old Guy himself had probably been just such another before he left the army." And then he referred me to the commissary, who could assure me my son was no disgrace to me.

I replied that, though the commissary was, in a worldly sense, an upright man, he was not one devoted to God. I represented to him that there was levity and disrespect to the word of God in the way he spoke, and that, if he felt he did not need the Bible, nor the help of prayer, it was no good symptom, and I quoted the proverb, "Pride goes before a fall;" but I might as well have spoken to the wind. His heart had turned away from God, and, of consequence, from his father and mother; and, although he must have seen the sorrow that consumed us, it had no effect upon him. He no longer kept up intercourse with his former friends, even with old Guy, who loved him as his own son, and who in childhood used to teach him songs in the winter evenings, and in spring and summer take him excursions on the river, and spend entire days giving him recreation. Old Guy once warned him to beware of the huntsman, and from that day Valentine ceased to go near the old man. As soon as the business of his office was finished, Valentine joined the huntsman, and they spent the rest of the day together, and very soon my poor son was looked upon as one of the wild, dissipated young fellows that are pointed to as a warning to others. The commissary, however, always spoke of him as diligent and trustworthy, and contradicted every evil report of him; yet even he was ere long obliged to believe the proverb, that where there is smoke there must be fire. But, before I proceed, I must say a few words of my honoured friend Guy Geissendorf, the keeper of the town-gate, who has left but few equals on earth.

CHAPTER VII.—THE GATEKEEPER.

ONE Sunday, in the summer of 1632, the commissary rode over to Würzburg to receive one thousand dollars, in payment of the flour, wine, and oats issued to the soldiers quartered there. The roads had become dangerous in those lawless days of civil war, and he meant to keep secret the road he intended to return by on the following Tuesday—secret from every one except my son, from whom he concealed nothing. As Valentine was to accompany him, I felt called upon to remonstrate against transacting worldly business on the Lord's day; the commissary answered, with what I fancied a sneer: "Surely being diligent in business is serving the Lord;" and he would not heed what I said.

That Sunday my Margaret took our young ones out into our vineyard in the evening, and I sat in my little room, thinking of the sermon we had heard. While thus sitting, Guy Geissendorf entered, and, putting his hat and javelin in a corner, sat down opposite to me. He was seventy years of age, though still strong and vigorous. In his youth he had served in the army, and had distinguished himself by saving his commander's life in the war against the Turks. He was not, however, fond of speaking of those days—perhaps from modesty of feeling. At all events, he preferred speaking on sacred subjects, for he was a godly

man, who thought that at his age men should be ready for their "march to another world," as he expressed it. He had been many years town-gate-keeper, a post to which he had been appointed in reward of his services when he quitted the army. He was fond of children, and my boys Valentine and Johan were special favourites with him. Every Sunday, when he had drawn back the bolts from the gate, and the chain that hindered people going in and out of the town during divine service, he generally came to sit an hour or two with me, for we took pleasure in each other's society and conversation.

This day he appeared as sad as I felt, and in reply to a question, answered that his mind was troubled by a dream he had had during the week. My son Johan was mixed up in this dream, and he could not shake off the impression that the dream was a warning to him, that he was soon to die. I did not presume to say to such an honourable old man that he was too superstitious thus to give heed to a dream, but, on the contrary, said: "Dreams might, in the merciful dealings of our God, be sometimes sent to rouse an unthinking man of the world, or sometimes even to comfort a sorrowful child of God. Joseph said dreams come from God, and," I added, "if it be the will of God, I hope you may live much longer; but, dear friend, your hair is white, your figure is bent, and you have reached the aged the Psalmist allots to man. But you do not, cannot regret that your race is nearly run—that you have almost reached the goal?"

In spite of all I could say to him, however, the old soldier still pondered on this dream, for it foreboded that he should die a soldier's death, and yet he had not been a soldier for twenty-five years past.

"Take it, then," I said, "as a soldier of the Lord Jesus Christ; every true believer is such. May you and I be found with our armour on, fighting the good fight of faith, and striving lawfully for the crown that is laid up for us."

"Amen!" solemnly replied the old man, and, taking his hat and javelin, he bade me farewell.

TREATMENT OF THE INSANE.*

WELL can we remember, in our childish days, the aspect of a certain dark low building in the street of an old cathedral town, some of whose grated windows looked on to the pavement, and others into a courtyard of gloomy and forbidding appearance. The passer-by often stood still beneath those walls, attracted by strange, mysterious sounds, the clanking of chains, the wild, unmusical, and joyless laugh, or the howl of desperate misery. Many a time has the echo of those sounds haunted us on our summer evening walk into the free country, amid green fields and may-clad hedgerows, and we have marvelled whether those sad inmates of the grey dwelling we had just passed would ever more rejoice in the glories of a

* "The Treatment of the Insane, without Mechanical Restraints," by Dr. Conolly, Consulting Physician to the Middlesex Lunatic Asylum at Hanwell. Smith, Elder, and Co., London.

blue sky, or in the scents and sounds of a glad summer season. We had been nurtured in no vulgar horror or superstitious dread of these our fellow creatures, stricken of God, and afflicted; every personal feeling had been absorbed in compassion for the poor lunatic, whose malady, more dreadful than any mere bodily suffering, thus isolated him from his kind, and, "before destroying life itself, destroyed all that rendered life precious" and lovely. To be thus taught is a blessing in which future generations may rejoice. Early impressions are not soon effaced. The child who has been led to compassionate the lunatic may in future years become his practical friend. Visions, indeed, often floated in our youthful brains of gentler and better usage to the insane—half-formed notions that perhaps those poor chained creatures, in their gloomy dungeons, would yet listen to a kindly word, and be susceptible of kindly acts. We had heard from Mrs. Opie's lips how, when she was a little girl, she had carried her flowers, and fruit, and pence to the patients in this very Bethel, and never dreamed of their hurting her in her mission of childish charity. And the good Mr. Gurney, we knew, went oftentimes on the still Sabbath afternoon to read the Word of Truth to the same poor inmates; and, as they listened, some were even comforted and soothed: hearing of the tenderness of the Saviour of mankind to all who were afflicted, they learned that he remembered them. Interruptions there were to the order and quietude of these little gatherings; for self-control had not then, as now, been taught in these asylums. But that they were not in vain was evident, many years after, when, on Mr. Gurney's return from America, he met one of his old acquaintances from the Bethel in a public vehicle between Yarmouth and Lowestoft. The recognition was at first on her side entirely, for, after gazing long and anxiously on his face, she cried: "You are Mr. Gurney; yes, I am sure you are! Ah! it was a sad day when you left us; we felt we had lost our best friend. How well do I remember your blessed Scripture readings, and your solemn prayers."

Mr. Gurney then remembered the face of the stranger, and, speaking with his accustomed tender sympathy, told her he hoped his visits had not been quite in vain.

Her reply was a very striking one:—

"Indeed, no; we used to long and watch for your coming; all you said had a most soothing effect; and we missed you sadly when you went away. I shall never forget that last chapter, sir," and she found it at once. "Here it is" (pointing to the 103rd Psalm); "we used to read it over and over again, and I learned it by heart."

As her old friend then read a few verses to her from the same blessed book, an eye-witness remarks that she seemed quite to cling to him, as if she thought he had the power to heal the malady, which was evidently not yet removed.

A few years only before this date (1842), comparatively little had been effected for the amelioration of the insane. Prison abuses had been reformed, and criminals had already excited more practical sympathy than lunatics. Our father, for many years one of the governors of the institution to which we have alluded—a kind, benevolent man

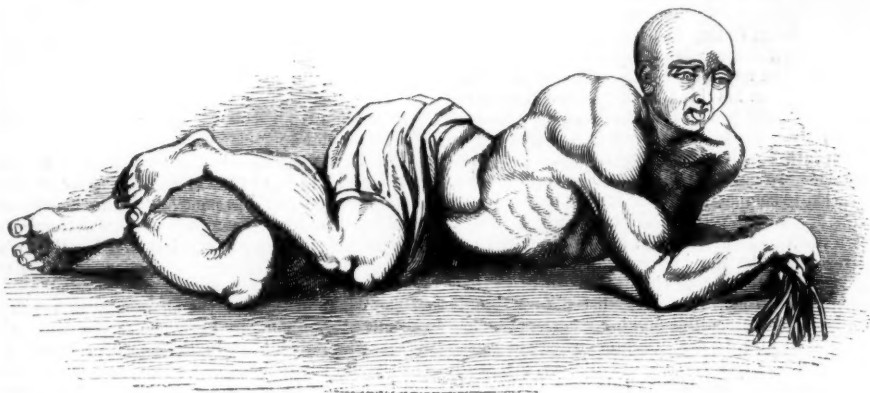
—has often made our young heart bleed with his recitals of the sorrows and sufferings of its inhabitants. Yet he would speak of the strait-jacket, the chains, and even the whips, as matters of stern necessity; and although Pinel in France, and Tuke in England, had already commenced the work of amelioration, little was known of their labours; their schemes were deemed for the most part utopian, smiled at by some, bitterly opposed by others, and appreciated by very few.

The legacy which Dr. Conolly has left to the world, and which, at the close of his active professional exertions, he has penned for the benefit of mankind, contains so many wise and good thoughts on this subject, that one can but wish the Doctor's book more generally known, and more universally read than in its present form appears probable.

The whole process of the change, from cruelty the most repugnant, to benevolence the most enlightened, and philosophy the most profound, is clearly and comprehensively given, and we cannot fail to admire in the work the spirit of modesty and the absence of egotism. The author forgets himself in the greatness of his subject, and the volume is one of deep and absorbing interest. But we will, in his own words, give his graphic description of the condition of the lunatic, the vastness of his affliction, and the greatness of his loss.

"Those who dread the accusation of a morbid philanthropy, or of visionary benevolence, may hold up in justification of their zeal the dreadful records of asylums where no pretext was given for any such accusations, and where the miserable lunatic appeared to be deserted alike by God and man. Struck with this affliction, man can no longer pursue truth, nor do good, nor govern himself. If he be a person of rank, all his power and influence depart from him. If he lived by the exercise of a profession, hope flies away, and poverty overwhelms him. If he is enterprising and speculative, prudence forsakes him, and success crowns his enterprises no more. If he belong to the classes in which daily subsistence is provided for by daily toil, he becomes destitute of the means of living. No malady effects such wide destruction, or creates so much and such varied distress. It extinguishes knowledge, confuses eloquence, or buries it in everlasting silence; lays waste accomplishments, renders beauty itself painful or fearful to behold, breaks up domestic happiness, or perverts and annihilates all the habits and affections which impart comfort, joy, and value to human existence. Yet nothing is more certain than that this complicated misery has been not only the subject of neglect, but of abuse and cruelty, in all ages, and even down to the times in which we live.

"The general management of deranged persons continued in every respect barbarous, until Pinel in France and Tuke in England effected reforms, great in their time, often interrupted since, and even yet not universally adopted. Up to the middle of the last century, and in many countries much later, harmless maniacs were allowed to wander over the country as beggars and vagabonds, affording sport and mockery. If they became troublesome, they were imprisoned in dungeons; 'whipped,' as the phrase is, 'out of their madness'—at all



This figure, and that on the opposite page, are copies of Cibber's celebrated representations of *MELANCHOLY AND MADNESS*, originally placed over the entrance to Bedlam, and now exhibited in the Kensington Museum.

events, subdued; secluded in darkness in the heat of summer, and in the cold and dampness of winter, and forgotten; always famished, often starved to death.

"At length the condition of the mad obtained attention, and then massive and gloomy mansions were prepared for them. These were but prisons of the worst description. Small openings in the walls, unglazed, or whether glazed or not, guarded with strong iron bars; narrow corridors, dark cells, desolate courts, where no tree, nor shrub, nor flower, nor blade of grass grew; solitariness, or companionship so indiscriminate as to be worse than solitude; terrible attendants, armed with whips, sometimes (in France) accompanied by savage dogs, and free to impose manacles, chains, and stripes at their own brutal will; uncleanness, semi-starvation, the garotte, and unpunished murders: these were the characteristics of such buildings throughout Europe. There were no gardens for exercise and recreation, such as surround our modern asylums; no amusements, no cheerful occupations, no books to read, no newspapers, no pictures, no evening entertainments, no excursions, no scientific medical treatment, no religious consolation; no chapel bell assembled the patients for prayer, or suspended the fierce and dreadful thoughts and curses of the dungeon; no friendly face did good like a medicine. People looked with awe on the outside of such buildings, and after sunset walked far round to avoid hearing the cries and yells which made night hideous. Screened from public inspection, the interior of those institutions attracted little regard. The insane were absolutely forgotten."

Even the Act passed in 1774 was insufficient. This law professed to be enacted for the better regulation of English madhouses, public and private; and five Fellows of the College of Physicians were empowered to grant licences and to visit those asylums if within seven miles of London, while in the provinces the power was given to justices of the peace and a physician in each county; but the licences were often improperly

granted, and with as little regard to character as if they were to keep a public-house.

Thirty years passed, and we still hear of the necessity of flogging at particular periods of the moon's age, and chaining or binding the insane, to prevent their outbreaks of violence; and this at a time when the brightest stars began to shine in the literary world—when Garrick and Burke, Johnson and Goldsmith, Moore and Wilberforce, bishops and great men innumerable, wielded their pens, held their literary meetings, and discussed in their crowded assemblies the great topics of the day. Was no voice raised for the insane? Did no Pitt or Wyndham, in the House of Legislature, use the power of his eloquence for the oppressed and miserable lunatic? Alas! no; and the whirling chairs, the baths of surprise, the loathsome dungeon, the strait-jacket, the scourge, the muffer, and the strap, were the orthodox remedies of our asylums, and were adhered to with the utmost pertinacity.

At length a quiet Quaker steps forward to the rescue. No philosopher he, according to the accepted meaning of the term, although, in the philosophy of Christianity and benevolence, the man was well versed. No great scholar either, nor skillful physician, but a plain, clear-headed, loving-hearted man, who, when he saw the right, followed it with persevering and unwavering consistency. This man was Tuke.

Among the worst of the ill-conducted asylums of the time was that of York, which was a scene of mercenary intrigue, gross mismanagement, and pitiless cruelty. A female patient—a member of the society to which William Tuke belonged, died here under suspicious circumstances, her friends being denied admission. The saying, "When matters are at their worst, they mend," seems to have been verified at this time. God certainly can bring good out of evil: the result of this lady's death was the foundation of York Retreat.* This

* The Prize Essay written for the Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Insane, by Dr. Tuke, a great-grandson of the venerable William Tuke, and well worthy



quiet asylum still stands, amidst its pleasant, well-kept gardens, not far from the venerable city—a monument to the philanthropic William Tuke. Here the same principles as those of Pinel (though without a knowledge of his simultaneous exertions) were gradually carried out. Sympathy took the place of unkindness, severity, and stripes; cure, and not punishment, was the object of the institution; safety and protection, not oppression and cruelty, were the mode of treatment.

The employment of the patients was an early feature in the management of York Retreat. The women were encouraged to employ themselves in the usual female occupations; the men in straw-basket work, etc., or in agricultural labours. The result was most happy. Many a dark cloud was dispersed from the afflicted mind; many a brooding, miserable hypochondriac was led to take interest in the things of life.

[To be continued.]

THE SKETCHER IN LONDON.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

WE have been politely furnished with an order from one of the Governors of the Bank of England, securing an admittance to the secret recesses of the great monetary sanctuary, which, from the heart of mid-London, diffuses throughout the empire of British commerce the golden stream that is the life-blood of its existence. There is no public institution in the world which lays bare its constitution and working so frankly and completely as the Bank; whenever its doors are open for business, its offices are open for inspection to whomsoever chooses to enter; much that in other countries is fenced round with official barriers and shrouded in mystery, is here freely open to all. Men walk in and walk out of the numerous offices as they like; the man without a groat may make his observations as freely as the millionaire, and, so

long as he conducts himself with decorum, he will pass without question. But there is a region in the Bank from which the public, as such, is necessarily and unavoidably shut out, and it is thither we are about to proceed this morning, in the expectation of witnessing some things which will prove interesting both to ourselves and the reader.

Entering the Bank on the northern side, we inquire of the portly janitor who sits there in red livery, how we are to proceed with our ticket. He directs us to make certain traverses and turnings through the building, which will bring us to the presence of a functionary who will duly take us in charge. His direction being followed to the letter, we are taken in charge accordingly, and, surrendering our ticket, are deposited in a waiting-room, where we take a seat for a while in the presence of two full-length portraits—one of the celebrated Abraham Newland, renowned in the classics of the Seven Dials as well as in the records of the Bank; and the other of Mr. Drake, who was for some half century or so its principal cashier. We have barely time to grow familiar with the faces of these financial worthies of a past day, when our guide makes his appearance, and, beckoning us to follow, leads the way through several of the public offices to a private door, or rather wicket, and ushers us through.

We are now in the presence of some hundred clerks, all busily handling bank-notes, which lie before them in prodigious heaps, and from each one of which we perceive that a corner has been torn off. These, we are informed, are the notes which were returned to the Bank, and thus withdrawn from circulation for ever (for the Bank issues no note twice), in the course of yesterday. The number of notes thus daily returned averages thirty thousand, often amounting to forty thousand, and their average amount in money is a million sterling. The sorting is no trifling process, involving as it does several separate operations—there being notes of eleven different amounts from £5 to £1000, all including, probably, various dates or issues, and all of them have to be arranged numerically. When the sorting is finished, the notes are tied in bundles, and removed

the name he bears, is a valuable addition to the books already published on the subject, containing as it does, in small compass, a large amount of information on the progress of the new system of non-restraint both at home and abroad.

to the "library," another word for the waste-paper office of the Bank, where they are kept, classified in such order as to be, any one of them, producible at a minute's notice, for a period of ten years and one month—and then they are burned to ashes in an iron cage, which was pointed out to us in one of the quadrangles.

In describing what follows, we shall deviate a little from the order in which the several items came under review, as, by so doing, we may present a more connected history of what may be termed the birth of a bank-note.

Being shown into the printing-office of the Bank, the first remark we made was that the bank-notes are by no means the only products there manufactured. The compositor is there picking up his types, as in other offices, and there is a goodly number of frames and case-racks, telling of a rather miscellaneous description of business. The fact is, that cheque-books, bank-books, reports, and all the printing that the administration requires, may be, and probably is, done on the premises.

But, as to the bank-note itself. Most persons familiar with the printer's art, on looking at a note, would imagine it printed from a copper-plate, by a copper-plate press. Formerly such was the case, but it is so no longer, and can hardly have been the case since the Bank ceased to re-issue the same notes; because a hundred copper-plate presses would scarcely supply the daily demand. The notes are now printed by cylinder printing machines, differing nothing in principle from that which prints this journal, but most ingeniously supplemented with additional machinery for special purposes. Instead of plates in intaglio, facsimiles in electrotypes of raised blocks are used, which yield their impressions by the same process as ordinary letter-press. The blocks are first engraved on wood or soft metal, from which the electrotypes are taken, and can be renewed as often as they wear out. The notes are printed two at a time, but pass twice through the press or machine: the first working prints all but the date, the number, and the signature, which three items are added by the second. The complete impression of a note, whatever may be its value, is a hundred thousand copies, and these are all numbered consecutively from the first to the last—the numbering being effected by means of an ingenious machine now well known and largely used at railway-stations and in commercial houses. The lads and children who print the notes do not concern themselves about the working of this machine, which does the numbering mechanically as the printing goes on: five figures are always printed, even though the number of the note be a unit, in which case the first four would be ciphers placed to the left of the figure, thus—00007. The number of notes printed every day is between thirty and forty thousand, corresponding, of course, with the number, or nearly so, returned from circulation. Whatever number is printed, is accurately registered by the printing-machine, to which a couple of dial-plates are attached, with hands moved by clock-work, which not only registers every impression from the block, but tots up the whole, and shows at any moment the quantity of work done.

A word on the paper used for bank-notes will not be out of place here. Notwithstanding the vast improvements in paper-making, by which sheets a mile or more in length may be made with amazing rapidity, if required, the Bank paper continues to be made on the old dipping and wire-mould principle. The pulp is formed of linen cuttings, with a small admixture of cotton—the very best materials being used, for the sake of strength. Though so thin and flimsy in appearance, a single note will bear fifty pounds' weight without breaking, and is therefore strong enough to bear a deal of rough handling in the course of circulation. The paper is further, as most persons must have remarked, of a peculiar colour, or, rather, of a colourless white; it is neither cream-coloured, like letter-paper, nor blue, like that of account-books; and it owes this peculiarity to the fact that no colouring matter is used in its manufacture. What is most remarkable in it, however, is the water-mark: if you hold a bank-note up to the light, you will see that nearly the whole of its surface is covered with words, figures, or hieroglyphics impressed in it by the water-mark, and which are imparted to it by the raised surface of the wire-mould in which the sheet is dipped by the workman from the mass of pulpy rags. The mould is a very small affair, the bank-note sheet being large enough only for two notes: of this the reader may assure himself by a moment's examination, for he will see that three sides of it have a ragged or "dekkle" edge, one only of the narrow sides being even—the fact being that, from first to last, the notes are manufactured in pairs, and are not cut asunder until ready for circulation.

As a rule, paper which has to pass through the printing-press is first wetted—though we are inclined to think there is no real necessity for that operation, and that sooner or later it will be got rid of altogether. In the Bank of England there is a most effective machine—a combination of air-pump and hydraulic-press—by which fifty to a hundred reams of bank paper may be wetted, or moistened, in a single minute. If we are not mistaken, however, this machine is not now in use: certainly the five-pound notes which the machines were vomiting forth the other day came into the world thoroughly dry, if there be any evidence of that in the crisp, crackling sound elicited by the touch. We noticed further, that they were admirably printed, and, like all good printing, exhibited an intensely black impression produced by a minimum amount of ink. A glance at the inking apparatus showed the reason of this; the bank printer, whether he has borrowed it or invented it we know not, has the same method of imparting ink to his forms as that adopted by the best French printers. The very highest mechanical talent has been applied to this department; by a most beautiful contrivance the fine impalpable ink is spread in the thinnest possible film over a number of rollers, each of which distributes its quota to the block, and by a nice arrangement of the inking machinery it is next to impossible that either too much or too little ink can be unintentionally applied.

While the printing machines are busily clicking forth their notes by thousands, other curious little engines, each in charge of a single lad, are num-

bering cheques—bobbing up and down like vital intelligences, and gracefully dropping the consecutive numbers on the sheets as fast as they are applied. At the same time a number of ruling machines are traversing the broad white sheets with lines of red and blue, in preparation for the account-books, whose use will be demanded by the bank-notes. For the Bank is its own bookbinder as well as its own printer, and the fabrication of account-books is no small item in its industrial labours. Independent of the books used in the public departments of the bank, which must amount to hundreds in the course of the year, there is another series, which has reference only to the issue and return of the notes manufactured. Thus, for every separate impression of a note, the impression being a hundred thousand copies, there is a separate volume, in which the number of each note is registered, with the date of its issue and return, when it does return, and is finally cancelled. These volumes constitute one more link in the chain of checks which surrounds and encloses all the operations of this gigantic establishment; at any time it is possible, by a reference to them, to determine the history, so far at least as its birth and death are concerned, of any single note, even though the question should arise years after it had been burned to ashes.

We have forgotten to remark that the whole of the machinery by which such manifold operations are carried on, is set in motion by a steam-engine in the basement floor, of the presence of which we should be unconscious were it not for the straps and gearing, which, whenever there is a machine requiring motive power, starts from wall, ceiling, or floor to perform the necessary work. There is no smoke, no heat, no smell of fire, no noise or racket of cogs and cranks—nothing more than a cheerful clicking and the rattle of industrial labour.

We do not know to what point of the compass we are next following our guide, but we thread some winding passages, and descend some flights of steps, and then we are aware of being underground; and the next minute the politest of gentlemen inducts us into a vault, and sets fire to the gas, in order that our eyes may be dazzled with glittering piles of gold in huge ingots of sixteen pounds weight each, massed in heaps of £80,000 value. It is the very cave of mammon, but the old miser has not afforded himself the luxury of chair, table, or bench—nothing but stone walls and cold floor; adjoining it to the right is another den, of silver, which looks rather forlorn just now, with but a single crusty-looking lump of a hundredweight or so. In an adjacent apartment, truck-loads of new silver, just arrived from the Mint, are being weighed in portions, and deposited in bags each of a hundred pounds value. Stacks of stout fir boxes, bound with iron, and crammed with these heavy bags, are ranged along the wall. In another quarter the new gold is undergoing the same process, and you see the gold-dust flying off in a cloud as the glittering masses dash heavily from the scales.

From hence a few more passages and turnings bring us to the door of a handsome square room, which is opened at the intimation of our guide. This is the Treasury of the Bank. Within sits a gentleman writing at a large table, who rises, and,

taking keys from his pocket, opens one of the iron safes with which the walls of the chamber are lined, and puts into our hand a packet of notes. "That," says he, "is a million sterling."

A million! think of that; for the time being we are a millionaire—for six seconds or so," by Shrewsbury clock," we have lands and beeves, flocks and herds, forests of deer and moorlands of grouse, a baronial mansion in the country and a lordly palace at the West End—for that is the plain English of "a million sterling." But lo! there it all goes back again into the dark iron hold—click go the locks, and we are poor and landless as before. And now another gentleman has entered, who courteously unlocks another safe, and hands us a canvas bag containing a thousand sovereigns. After the million sterling, we feel that this is but a homœopathic dose of wealth—nothing at all to speak of—and we can relinquish it, especially as it is rather heavy to hold, without a sigh. The iron safes are in three tiers one above another; the notes, the silver, and the gold of the Treasury occupying separate ranges.

From the Treasury we are led to a kind of lobby walled with plate-glass, through which we have a view of the important ceremony of weighing the gold. All English gold that is paid out of the Bank must be full weight, which is by no means the case with all that comes in. In order that sovereigns of short weight may not be issued, they are all made to pass through this department, where the delinquents are separated from the rest and consigned to the melting-pot. The weighing of millions of coins separately by ordinary balances would be an endless work, and would employ a host of clerks. Here the thing is done by machines at a rate of speed unapproachable by human fingers. The machine has the appearance of a brass box, in dimensions about a cubic foot. At the top of the box the segment of a cylinder, whose diameter is about that of a sovereign, is fixed at such an incline as allows the coins to gravitate deliberately towards an aperture in the upper surface of the box. The sovereigns drop into the hole about one per second, and disappear one after another—so long, that is, as they are of full weight; but no sooner does one which lacks some small fraction of a grain in weight arrive at the verge, than up jumps a little brass fan and sweeps it to the left, whence it slides into the condemned department, and its career as a coin is finished for ever. There are several of these machines at work as we look on, and all that the clerks or attendants have to do is to keep the incline half-cylinders, which will each hold several hundreds, filled with the coins to be weighed. Those of full weight are conveyed to the Treasury, or elsewhere, for circulation, and the light ones—ha! what becomes of them?

We have just asked the question, when the clerk takes up a handful of them and slips them into an open tube, to the number of fifty or so; then he begins working a small winch with his hand; the delinquent coins are seen to sink in the tube with a tremulous motion, till they are out of sight; then they fall out at a slit beneath, each and all of them marked with a cruel gash clean through their substance, from circumference to centre, and utterly disqualified for circulation for evermore. Yet a few hours, and they will be cast

into the furnace to be re-minted. The guide informs us that these machines, which strike us as the most complete things of the kind imaginable, are the invention of Mr. Cotton, one of the Bank Directors. They are certainly the most remarkable results of mechanical genius which we have seen in the building.

We have now finished our survey of the Bank lions, and follow our guide to the nearest point of exit. Our way is through the dividend-room, which this morning is empty and deserted, in striking contrast to the spectacle we last beheld on the same spot. We say a word or two to that effect.

"Yes," says the guide; "you should have been here last month, when seven hundred thousand pounds odd was paid in cash over that counter in a single day. You might have thought it a sight worth seeing."

"And, pray," said we, "have the receivers of dividends any protection here from thieves and the swell-mob? Those gentry must naturally flock where there is a bustling crowd all with money in their pockets."

"No, they don't," said he; "they know well enough that that would be walking into the lion's mouth. When dividends are paid, detectives are present—some in reserve in yonder room, where they can see all who enter—and others in plain clothes among the crowd. These officers know the pickpockets too well to allow them much sport here, and they find it to their interest to keep away. That is your way out. Good morning, sir."

We pass out through a quadrangle planted with old trees and flowers, and carpeted with green grass, in the centre of which a little fountain is splashing its waters about with an air of cheerful impudence which seems not out of keeping with the ease and nonchalance that appears to characterise the whole of the internal operations. In all our survey we have seen nobody in a hurry—nobody hesitating what to do or how to do it—nobody driving, nobody driven; but all men and all things deliberately working together under a system which proclaims the perfection of its organization by the absence of any hitch in its machinery or friction in its movements.

STORY RELATING TO COWPER'S POEM "ON THE LOSS OF 'THE ROYAL GEORGE.'"

It was towards the close of Cowper's life, at the time when that settled gloom by which his declining years were so bitterly oppressed, had taken hold upon him, that the poem referred to in the heading of this story was written. The circumstances attending its composition present one of the most curious and interesting of psychological phenomena that we have ever heard of, or that can well be imagined, namely, that a mind—apparently unconscious of one set of impressions, whether by an effort of will or otherwise—may be roused to intense action by another set of impressions, totally distinct from them, as far as actual occurrence is concerned.

The dark season of Cowper's calamity was at its height. The morning of the day on which the

incidents about to be related took place, was dreary, cold, and dull. A chilling mist, which filled the air, was succeeded by a drizzling rain, making all nature both cheerless and dismal. Deeply miserable, Cowper was hastily pacing his room backwards and forwards, in a state of extreme agitation and distress, the darkness and gloominess without augmenting that deeper darkness and gloom within him, by which his mind was so heavily weighed down. He was humming to himself the air of Handel's "March in Scipio," his steps keeping time to the music, while his thoughts were no doubt busily occupied in brooding over his own utter wretchedness.

Suddenly his door flew open, and in rushed a lady, holding in her hand an open newspaper, in which she had just been reading the account of the loss of "The Royal George." Greatly excited at the melancholy news, she exclaimed, "Oh! Mr. Cowper, have you heard of the dreadful accident which has happened? 'The Royal George' has gone down into the sea with eight hundred men on board, and every soul has perished!" Cowper, wrapped up in his own reflections, paid no attention either to her or her story, but continued to walk on backwards and forwards, humming the air of the "March in Scipio," and keeping time to the music with his feet.

Who this lady was, we are not able to state. It is not likely that she was one of those who were intimately acquainted with the state of Cowper's mind at that time, and who with such unvaried tenderness were particularly cautious never to suffer any news to reach him which they thought might excite him, or increase that melancholy they so anxiously endeavoured to soothe and alleviate.

The catastrophe, as may well be imagined, appeared to her a very fearful one, and hence she wondered at his not being moved by it. Thinking that perhaps he had not heard what she had told him, she repeated the account in fuller detail, dwelling with greater emphasis on the fact that Kempenfelt and his whole crew of eight hundred men had entirely perished. Still Cowper took not the least notice, only he paced his room more rapidly, hummed his air more loudly, and kept time to the march with his feet more vigorously. Hence she concluded that he was determined not to listen to her, and therefore left the room. Nevertheless, though Cowper had manifested no sign that the melancholy news had produced any impression on him, he was deeply affected. The story had, as the sequel will show, reached his mind, but it had not yet touched his heart. Though he abounded to overflowing with sympathy for the distress of others, so much was he absorbed in his own misery, that he was entirely carried away for the time by it. His mind was struggling for very existence; he himself was in agony, just on the verge of despair. At that instant the bell of the church close by began to toll for a funeral. The unexpected sound, and the solemnity of the associations connected with it, wrought a sudden change in him. Each stroke, as it boomed forth, was to him like the thrust of a sword. The chord that united him to his fellow man was now reached, and vibrated to the touch. His heart was ready to burst; full to overflowing with his own misery;

full of the air from Handel's March, which he had been humming to himself to relieve that misery : full of the story of the dreadful loss which he had heard—for now he knew every word of it, so thoroughly had it become fixed on his mind ; and, lastly, full of grief for the eight hundred brave men, most of them warriors, who had thus suddenly perished without a moment's warning, not on the stormy ocean, not on a foreign shore, not by the horrors of war, but in harbour, at home, while their ship was at anchor, and they all busily employed at their ordinary work in time of peace. Roused to a state of intense excitement, he could restrain himself no longer, but seized a pen, rushed to the fireplace, grasped the bell-rope, and held it firmly, as if to stop the tolling without, which appeared to cause him such unutterable anguish ; and in that state, with the rope in one hand and the pen in the other, he gave vent to his feelings in these deeply solemn and exquisite lines :—

"Toll for the brave !

The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset ;
Down went the 'Royal George'
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought ;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath ;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down,
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cap
The tear that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full-charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone ;
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more."

It may be here necessary to add, that the measure of the verses corresponds exactly to the rhythm of the music of the March alluded to in the story.

INFINITE toil would not enable you to sweep away a mist, but by ascending a little you may often look over it altogether. So it is with our moral improvement : we wrestle fiercely with a vicious habit, which would have no hold upon us if we ascend into a higher atmosphere.

INTRODUCTORY LESSONS ON THE MIND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"LESSONS ON REASONING," AND ON "MORALS."

LESSON IV.

SECT. 1.—THE WILL.

WE all know that many acts of the Mind and of the Body are under the control of our *Will*. The Heart indeed beats, and the Blood circulates, quite independently of the Will. But we can stand up, or sit down, or speak, or take hold of anything with the hand, etc. as we *will*. And though there is much that is very mysterious connected with the action of the Will, every one has, thus far, some notion of it.

All bodily movements depend on the contractions of the Muscles. And the Muscles, it is found, are acted on by certain Nerves, through which the Mind influences the Muscles. For, if these Nerves are destroyed or greatly impaired by disease, all voluntary motion is stopped. But how the Mind acts on those nerves, no one can explain.

It is something very remarkable that, though it is by these Nerves and Muscles that every bodily action is performed, we never *think about* them when we form a Will to do anything. We think only of the *end* to be effected, and not at all about the *means*. For instance, when you wish to touch some object, or to step on a particular spot, you look attentively at that spot, and never think at all about the Muscles of your arm or leg. So, also, when you are learning some language, and try to pronounce rightly some word, you listen carefully to the voice of the teacher, and take pains to *imitate* the sound, seldom thinking at all of the Muscles of your tongue, and lips, and throat. And so in other cases.

SECT. 2.—ACTIVE PRINCIPLES.

The *Active Principles*, as they are called, of the Mind—those, that is, which immediately influence the Will—are of several different kinds ; some of them common to Man with the Brutes, and others not. These are the *Appetites*, *Desires*, and *Affections* ; besides *Self-love*, [or the "desire of Happiness,"] and *Conscience*, [or the "Moral-Faculty," or "Moral-Sense," or "Sense of Duty," as it is variously called]. Different writers, however, differ from each other, in the sense in which they employ these words. We will hereafter explain each in the sense in which it is most commonly used.

As for the word *Passion*, it is most frequently applied to denote any feeling that is *excessively violent*, and disturbs the Mind, so as to prevent us from acting deliberately. Thus, when a man's anger is so violent that he hardly knows what he says or does, we speak of him as under the influence of *Passion*. And we speak of Love, or the desire of Gain, or of Glory, etc., as a *Passion*, when a man is so hurried away by the *Violence* of any of these as to make no use of his Reason.

The word *Feeling*, again, is exceedingly wide in its signification ; for we speak of a feeling of anger, or of pity, etc., a feeling of hunger or thirst ; a feeling of joy or sorrow, of pleasure or pain, etc. And some of these feelings lead to action, while others do not.

SECT. 3.—APPETITES.

The *Appetites*—such as Hunger and Thirst—are (as has been said above) common to Man with the Brutes, and *instinctive* ; that is, they are not necessarily connected with any *design*, or any knowledge or notion of the object sought. A new-born infant, or the young

of any other animal, has the feeling of hunger, just like any one of us, and the impulse to seek food to allay the want, before it has even tasted any food, or can have any notion of what it is.

It is curious to observe, in very young animals especially, that there is a kind of appetite for *exercise*. You may see young lambs, or colts, etc., when a few days old, scampering to and fro in the field, without any object, except to stretch their limbs. And a little baby, though it cannot do that, yet delights to kick, and to stretch out its little arms and legs. And again, on the other hand, the desire of repose and of sleep, every one must perceive to be of the nature of an Appetite.

Besides the *original* Appetites implanted by nature, there are also acquired Appetites. Those who have accustomed themselves to spirituous liquors, for instance, or to opium, etc., soon acquire a craving appetite for those stimulants, answering to our natural appetite for food or for drink.

LESSON V.

The Appetites are not *constant*, but *occasional*. When you are hungry, and have eaten enough to satisfy the hunger completely, you wish for no more food, and it would even be disgusting to have it forced on you. But it is not so with what are properly called Desires. The desire of glory, for instance, in one in whom it is very strong, though it is *gratified* when he *acquires* glory, does not cease, nor is at all diminished. He is as eager after glory as ever. And so it is with the desire of Gain, in one of an avaricious disposition; and with the desire to do good to others, in one who is benevolent; and, in short, with all that are properly called Desires, as distinguished from Appetites.

You may, indeed, hear people speak of a *desire* for food, etc.; but it will be more convenient to use the word, in these Lessons, in the sense given just above, distinguishing Desires from Appetites.

What we have here called *Desires*, differ from the Appetites in this point also—that they are always accompanied (in Man, at least) with some thought of the object we seek. One who is desirous of *Praise*, for instance, must have some notion of what praise is, and of the pleasure it will afford him. One who desires *Gain*, has some notion of the money or other property which he seeks, and so of the rest; and this (as has been said) is not the case with the Appetites.

Some of the Desires are found in Brutes, as well as in Man; and some not.

SECT. 2.—AFFECTIONS.

By the *Affections*, most people understand our feeling so and so disposed *towards other persons*. Thus *Love* (which is often denoted by the very word *affection*) consists in a favourable feeling towards the person loved. So, also, gratitude must be towards some person. And what are called the Malevolent Affections—as Anger, Jealousy, and Hatred—are evidently feelings directed towards the persons who are the objects of them; for if any one says that he *loves* music, or that he *hates* rainy weather, or anything of that kind, we always understand him to be using the words “love” and “hate” in a somewhat different sense—meaning merely what we find agreeable or disagreeable.

So, also, when we speak of *Self-love*, the word *Love* is thus applied in a figurative sense, and does not denote any Affection, such as we feel for a friend. We use the word in this manner from a *resemblance in the effects*; for we seek our own happiness as an end, just as we seek the happiness of any

one we love, for its own sake, and without looking to anything beyond; but no one would be called *affectionate* towards himself, or would be reckoned of an affectionate disposition for seeking his own welfare.

And, again, when we speak of *love* to all mankind, including (as our Saviour commands us) our enemies, the meaning is, that we should treat them kindly, and seek their welfare. And one who is thus disposed would not in general be spoken of as *affectionate*, but rather as *benevolent* and *philanthropic*. We reckon such a disposition rather among the Desires (as above noticed) or Sentiments, than of the *Affections*, in the sense in which we have now been speaking of them; for by the *Affections* we understand being so and so disposed towards certain particular *individual persons*, as such, rather than towards *classes* of persons, or other objects.

SECT. 3.—SELF-LOVE.

Self-Love is, as was observed in the Lessons on Morals (Less. 16, sect. 3), a rational, deliberate desire for our own welfare, and for anything we think likely to promote it. It exists in various degrees in different persons; but it is impossible to conceive a rational Being completely destitute of it. No one can be completely indifferent about his own happiness, who is but capable of forming an idea of happiness.

The Brutes and Young Infants are destitute of Self-Love, properly so called, because they are incapable of forming such an abstract idea as that of *happiness*. A horse or a dog can indeed perceive and seek for some particular object which affords gratification, such as food, or a comfortable bed; and will shrink from any particular pain or danger, such as a blow of a whip; but the *general* notion of welfare—a prosperous or unhappy course of life—is what the Brute-mind cannot take in.

And Self-Love, you should observe, is quite distinct from all other desires and propensities, though it may often tend in the same direction with some of them. One person, for instance, may drink some water because he is *thirsty*; and another may, without thirst, drink—suppose from a mineral spring—because he believes it will be *good for his health*. This latter is impelled by Self-Love; but not the other.

So again: one person may pursue some course of study, in order to qualify himself for some *profession* by which he may advance in life; and another, from having a *taste* for that study, and a desire for that branch of knowledge. This latter, though he may, perhaps, be in fact promoting his own welfare as much as the other does, is not, like him, acting from Self-Love. For as the object of thirst is not happiness, but drink, so the object of curiosity is not happiness, but knowledge. And so of the rest.

Self-Love may, of course, like any of our other tendencies, be excessive, or improperly indulged, or ill-directed; but it is nothing evil in itself. And for one person who goes wrong through excess of Self-Love, there are ten who do so for the sake of gratifying some appetite or passion. Drunkards, for instance, or gamblers, or quarrelsome men, etc., do not lead the life they do from *calculating* that this will conduce to their happiness; but the one from his craving for strong drink, another from covetousness, and another from pride and malice.

You must be careful not to confound Self-Love with *Selfishness*, which consists, not in indulging this or that particular propensity, but in disregarding, for the sake of *any* kind of personal gratification or advantage, the rights or the feelings of other men. It is, therefore, a *negative* quality; that is, it consists in *not* considering what is due to one's neighbours, through a

deficiency of justice, or of benevolence. And selfishness accordingly will show itself in as many different shapes as there are different dispositions in men.

SECT. 4.—THE MORAL FACULTY.

Conscience, again, (the Moral Faculty,) is wanting in Brutes. The idea of *Duty* is one too abstract to be taken in by their minds. A dog, indeed, may be cured of worrying sheep or poultry by being beaten for it and may be taught to fetch a stick, or do something else when bid, by being rewarded for it with a morsel of food. And a dog of very superior intelligence will feel himself punished by a *reproof*, and will judge from your look and tone of voice when you are displeased with him for anything; and even the mention of the name of that thing afterwards will make him hang his tail, and look ashamed. But this is only that an *association* has been formed in the animal's mind between such and such an act, and punishment or reward. And if the same were the case with *us*—that is, if we had no notion of what we ought to do or not to do, except from expecting reward or punishment—then Man would be no more a *moral agent* than a dog or a horse. We should be acting merely from *Prudence*, and not from any sense of *Duty*.

And some persons are accustomed to speak as if they thought that this is really the case. For they speak of Man as having no natural notion of any difference between moral good and evil; and of our deriving all our notions of right and wrong from the revealed Will of God, who is able to reward and punish us.

But you may easily prove, to most of those who speak thus, that they do not really mean what their words express. For, if any persons tell you that our first notion of right and wrong is entirely derived from the divine Law, and that those words have no meaning except obedience and disobedience to the declared Will of God, you may ask them whether it is a matter of *duty* to obey God's will, or merely a matter of *prudence*, inasmuch as He is able to punish those who rebel against Him? whether they think that God is *justly entitled* to obedience, or merely that it would be very *rash* to disobey one who has power to enforce his commands?

They will doubtless answer, that we *ought* to obey the divine commands as a point of duty, and not merely on the ground of expediency—that God is not only powerful but *good*—and that conformity to his will is a thing right in itself, and should be practised, not through mere fear of punishment, or hope of reward, but *because it is right*.

Now this proves that they must be sensible that there is in the human mind some notion of such a thing as *Duty*, and of things being right or wrong in their own nature. For, when any persons submit to the will of another merely because it is their interest, or because they dare not resist, we never speak of this submission as a matter of *duty*, but merely of *prudence*. And the same thing is proved by our speaking of God as just and *good*; for if we had no notion of goodness except that it is what God wills, then, to speak of Him as good, would be merely saying that He is what He is, and that his Will is his Will, which might equally be said of any Being in the universe.

It is evident also that there could be no such thing as *Sin* committed by a Being that had no notion of Moral Right and Wrong. And hence it is that we never attribute Sin to Brute animals, or to idiots, though they do things which *would* be sinful in a rational Being. Brutes may indeed be taught by reward and punishment to do, or to abstain from, certain acts. But we do not apply to Brutes the terms *Virtuous* or *Sinful*; precisely because they do not possess a moral sense.

WORLDLY AMUSEMENTS.

DR. CHALMERS once said: "There is an admirable *naïveté* in many of the sayings of John Newton, and his answer to Scott, (author of the "Force of Truth,") is quite in accordance with our position. Seeing that his young friend was moving aright in those great principles which would infallibly land him in decided Christianity, to the question whether he should now continue to go to the theatre, he replied he might go 'as long as he could.' It was better that he should thus be left to find his own way to that lofty vantage-ground of turning from the now tasteless amusements of the world to higher and nobler gratifications."

How many illustrations are continually given of the great truth here announced! As soon as a soul awakes to the importance of spiritual things, the hollowness of fashionable amusements becomes apparent. Persons may continue to frequent their old haunts, but it is with a growing sense of their unsuitableness and insufficiency, until at length they refuse to trifle with themselves any longer, and turn their back at once and for ever upon the places which formerly were "all their desire." The new-born soul having tasted of "the joys of salvation," finds no pleasure in the muddy pools and broken cisterns of the world.

THE SABBATH.

NEEDED for a world of innocence—without thee, what would be a world of sin! There would be no pause for consideration, no check to passion, no remission of toil, no balm of care. He who had withheld thee, would have forsaken the earth. Without thee, he had never given to us the Bible, the Gospel, the Spirit. We salute thee as thou comest to us in the name of the Lord—radiant in the sunshine of that dawn which broke over nature's achieved work—marching downward in the track of time, a pillar of refreshing cloud and guiding flame, interweaving with all thy light, new beams of discovery and promise, until thou standest forth more fair than when reflected in the dews and imbibed by the flowers of Eden—more awful than when the trumpet rung in Sinai. The Christian Sabbath! Like its Lord, it but rises in Christianity, and henceforth records the rising day. And never, since the tomb of Jesus was burst open by him who revived and rose, has this day awakened but as the light of seven days, and with healing in its wings. Never has it unfolded without some witness and welcome, some song and salutation. It has been the coronation day of martyrs, the feast day of saints. It has been from the first until now the sublime custom of the Church of God. Still the outgoings of its morning and evening rejoice. It is the day of heaven upon earth. Life's sweetest calm, poverty's birth-right, labour's only rest. The ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reacheth to heaven, with the angels of God ascending and descending upon it.—*Hamilton*.

KEY TO HISTORICAL PICTURES IN WORDS.

NO. II.

DEATH of Thomas à Becket in the Cathedral at Canterbury.—Milner's "England," p. 210.

NO. III.

Richard the Second and Wat Tyler.—Milner's "England," p. 204.

THE pleasure of doing good is the only one that never wears out.

Varieties.

THE SNAKE THAT SWALLOWED A HORSE.—In the province of Goyaz, Dr. Gardner came to the fazenda of Sape, situated at the foot of the Serra de Santa Brida, near the entrance to a small valley. This plantation belonged to Lieutenant Lagoeira. Dr. G. remarks that, in this valley, and throughout this province, the anaconda attains an enormous size, sometimes reaching forty feet in length; the largest which he saw measured thirty-seven feet, but was not alive. It had been taken under the following circumstances:—"Some weeks before our arrival at Sape," writes Dr. G. "the favourite riding-horse of Senor Lagoeira, which had been put out to pasture not far from the house, could not be found, although strict search was made for it all over the fazenda. Shortly after this, one of his *vaqueiros* (herdsmen), in going through the wood by the side of a small stream, saw an enormous *sucuriú* suspended in the fork of a tree which hung over the water. It was dead, but had evidently been floated down alive by a recent flood, and, being in an inert state, it had not been able to extricate itself from the fork before the waters fell. It was dragged out to the open country by two horses, and was found to measure thirty-seven feet in length. On opening it, the bones of a horse in a somewhat broken condition, and the flesh in a half-digested state, were found within it: the bones of the head were uninjured. From these circumstances we concluded that the boa had swallowed the horse entire. In all kinds of snakes the capacity for swallowing is prodigious. I have often seen one not thicker than my thumb swallow a frog as large as my fist; and I once killed a rattlesnake about four feet long, and of no great thickness, which had swallowed not less than three large frogs. I have also seen a very slender snake that frequents the roofs of houses swallow an entire bat three times its own thickness. If such be the case with these smaller kinds, it is not to be wondered at that one thirty-seven feet long should be able to swallow a horse, particularly when it is known that, previously to doing so, it breaks the bones of the animal by coiling itself round it, and afterwards lubricates it with a slimy matter, which it has the power of secreting in its mouth."—*Brazil and the Brazilians.*

THE KING AND THE COURTIER.—Sir George Sinclair, of Ulster, once received an invitation from King William IV to dine with him on a Sabbath day. To the royal message he sent the following answer:—"Sire,—No one can value more highly than I do the honour and privilege of being at any time permitted to enjoy that social intercourse with which your Majesty has, on many occasions, been pleased to indulge me for so many years. But I am fully aware with how much consideration your Majesty enters into the feelings and sympathies with the wishes of those whom you honour with your friendship. I have for some time past been led to entertain very different notions from those which I once cherished as to the observance of this day, and subscribe fully to the views which the church, and, I may add, the legislature, have laid down with respect to its importance. Encouraged by the latitude of discussion which your Majesty has so long and so kindly vouchsafed, I lately took the liberty, though in opposition to your Majesty's opinion, to maintain that not merely a *part* but the *whole* of this day should be devoted to those great purposes for which Divine authority had set it apart. I may be permitted to add, from grateful experience, that this decision has its reward even here. I have found that God honours those who honour him; and though encompassed with sin and infirmity, I can testify that he is not an austere master, that he has strength for all our weaknesses, indemnity for all our sacrifices, and consolation for all our troubles. I feel bound, on principle of conscience, to deny myself what is always one of my most valued gratifications, that of paying my humble and most affectionate respects this day, and must rest satisfied with renewing in my retirement those earnest supplications for your Majesty's health and happiness, which are equally dictated by regard for the public welfare, and by a thankfully-cherished remembrance of much distinguished and unmerited kindness.—I have the honour, etc."

As the letter was frank and Christian, it touched a chord in the heart of the king. On Monday morning early a messenger came from the king, requesting the pleasure of Sir George (then Mr.) Sinclair's company that evening. It was, of course, gladly accepted. The king made no reference to the letter, but treated his guest with more than usual urbanity.—*British Messenger.*

SOLID MILK.—The process of concentrating and preserving milk, the discovery of a person residing at Winsted, Connecticut, is thus described by the journal published at that place. On the milk being received from the farmer, it is at once deprived of its animal heat by immersing the cans containing it in ice-cold water. It is then, while yet in the cans, subjected to a heat a few degrees below the boiling point. Thus prepared, it is transferred to a boiler, where it is subjected, by means of steam, to a heat of between 120 and 160 degrees, and the air withdrawn, which facilitates the process of evaporation. The vapour, as it forms—and this it does with surprising rapidity—within the vacuum, is as rapidly condensed and thrown off by means of the pumps; and so quick is the process, that a boiler of 500 quarts can be reduced to 125 quarts within one and a half hour. The liquid thrown off by the evaporation is clear like water, has a sickish, unpleasant taste, in no way resembling milk, and its smell is slightly offensive. It is considered that the concentrated article is rendered purer by the process, to say nothing of its other advantages.

A NEW FOOD FOR BEES.—Two agriculturists of the Department of the Var observed one day in the month of May that all their bees had left their hives, although the latter were well filled, and exceedingly heavy. Towards evening the fugitives returned heavily laden; but on the following morning they set out again in a direction which was this time carefully noted by the farmers, who had been watching their doings. They immediately followed them, and soon arrived at a farm where cakes of tilsed, which had been previously subjected to the oil-press, were being beaten up into a paste with water, to be used as manure for potatoes. There, to their surprise, they saw their bees clustering round the tubs containing the paste, evidently enjoying a luxury hitherto unknown to them. The lesson was not lost upon the agriculturists, who immediately procured their bees abundance of this food, and have now been rewarded with nearly ten times the usual quantity of produce, besides an immense increase in the reproduction of the insect.

AFRICAN WOMEN AND THE LOOKING-GLASS.—The women have somewhat the same ideas with ourselves of what constitutes comeliness. They came frequently and asked for the looking-glass; and the remarks they made—while I was engaged in reading, and apparently not attending to them—on first seeing themselves therein, were amusingly ridiculous. "Is that me?" "What a big mouth I have!" "My ears are as big as pumpkin-leaves." "I have no chin at all." Or, "I would have been pretty, but am spoiled by these high cheek-bones." "See how my head shoots up in the middle!"—laughing vociferously all the time at their own jokes. They readily perceive any defect in each other, and give nicknames accordingly. One man came alone to have a quiet gaze at his own features once, when he thought I was asleep: after twisting his mouth about in various directions, he remarked to himself, "People say I am ugly, and how very ugly I am indeed."—*Livingstone's Travels.*

"THE GOOD OLD TIMES."—There is now living in Epperstone, Notts, an octogenarian who has been blind for several years from the effects of an accident. He says that when he was a child, white bread was considered a great luxury, so much so that when his father (who was a framework-knitter) used to take his work to Nottingham, he would frequently promise to bring the children a white penny loaf each on his return; and such was the anxiety of the little ones to possess the luxury, that they have many times gone the distance of three or four miles to meet their father, in order that they might have it a little sooner, and this in depth of winter, in frost and snow. What would the present generation say to this?—*Leicestershire Mercury.*